

Yalobusha Review

Volume 2

Article 29

April 2021

Passing

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Recommended Citation

Horsting, Eric (2021) "Passing," *Yalobusha Review*: Vol. 2 , Article 29.
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol2/iss1/29>

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ERIC HORSTING

Passing

No refrain can foretell—its remains echo
past. The lasting crown's a golden thing
we sing of other days. No way's a clear
container of mirth. Our earth's a glad
plan, a space for holes we'll dig when
the sun's at apogee—that noon
when all we know comes through the rotting
soil below our feet and asks us to step in.